

and now it is too late!" "Comfort, my child," says the mother, "I have a broken bracelet here, which I will send this evening as from you." "Ah mother, you know that my father Eliezer always said, *Give unto the Lord the best*. I would give the ear-rings were they a thousand times better, but alas, it is too late! nothing will now be accepted; they have more than enough for the work." "Is it even so? Then my child, it is most plain that you ought to be well satisfied. You have your ear-rings—and yet the sanctuary is amply provided." "Alas this is my grief, that I am shut out, or rather that I have shut out myself from the pleasure of glorifying God with my substance. Oh, that I had remembered sooner another saying of my father's, *Hast thou a design of doing good hasten to accomplish it*."

In another part of the camp, a man of the tribe of Manasseh is seen burdened with a load of brass. Meeting a friend, he lets down the load from his shoulders, and stops to talk as follows: "Why," says he, in great anger, "this is intolerable, to issue their orders to-day, and to alter their orders to-morrow—as if, to be shut out from the whole world in a wilderness, were not grievance enough." "To what is it that you refer?" "Why, to the business about the offerings. They ordered us to bring the best of our possessions; and now, after I had brought a load from one end of the camp to the other, they told me that they would not take it in." "Nabal," replies Caleb, "you are wrong; you were not *ordered* to bring an offering, you were only permitted if your heart inclined you." "To be ordered and to be permitted is much the same thing to me, in the present state of my family." "Your family is your greatest honor, and ought to be your greatest comfort." "Why, I do not deny that they are comfortable enough to me in many respects. But ever since the passage of—" "Hold, Nabal, I am a-